

# Campfire Tales

STONY POINT, JULY 16, 1797.

(Anthony Wayne, a letter written on the eve of his most famous exploit shows, was convinced that he would not survive the attempt on Stony Point; yet he led that desperate attack, to use his own phrase, "Spear in hand.")

Highlands of Hudson! ye saw them pass,  
Night on the stars of their battle flag,  
Threading the maze of the dark morass  
Under the frown of the Thunder Crag.

Flower and pride of the Light Armed  
Corps,  
Twim in their trappings of buff and blue,  
Stent, they skirted the rugged shore,  
Glim in the promise of work to do.

"Cross ye the ford to the moated rock!  
Let not a whisper your march betray!  
Out with flint from the musket lock!  
Now let the bayonet find the way!"

"Halt!" rang the sentinel's challenge clear.  
Swift came the shot of the waking foe,  
Bright flashed the ax of the pioneer  
Smashing the abatis, blow on blow.

Little they tarried for British might!  
Lightly they reeled of the Tory jeers!  
Laughing they swarmed to the craggy height,  
Steel to the steel of the grenadiers!

Storm King and Dunderberg! wake once more,  
Sentinel giants of Freedom's throne,  
Massive and proud! to the Eastern shore  
Bellow the watchword: "The fort's our own!"

Echo our cheers for the Men of old!  
Shout for the hero who led his band  
Braving the death that his heart fore-  
told  
Over the parapet, "Spear in hand!"  
—Arthur Guiterman in New York Times.

## Wilkes Booth's Oil Well

"About the close of the year 1864," said an old-time Venango county, Penn., oil operator, "when the Prather boys were scouring about the oil country trying to raise money to buy the Holmden property at Pithole, before oil had been found at that afterward famous and rich, but short-lived petroleum center, John Wilkes Booth was at Meadville one day, waiting for a train eastward on the Atlantic & Great Western railroad, now the Erie. He was in the office of the McHenry house. One of the Prather boys was there talking up the prospects of the oil at Pithole.

"Booth became interested. He began to talk with Prather. He stood by a window, and as he talked he scratched his full name, John Wilkes Booth, on one of the panes of the window with the diamond in a ring he wore. The upshot of Booth's talk with Prather was that he invested \$15,000 in Pithole property.

"The Prather boys had bought the Holmden well for \$100,000 and sold it for more than \$2,000,000. The Holmden well, in which Booth had his \$15,000 investment, was only one of a dozen equally large spouting wells, grouped at Pithole. Oil was then \$6 a barrel, and the smallest fraction of ownership in a Pithole well was a fortune.

"The night that President Lincoln was shot a thunderstorm, something unusual at that time of year, gathered over Pithole. There was but one flash of lightning and one clap of thunder. This was not regarded with any significance at Pithole at the time, but subsequent revelations clothed it with a significance that awed the superstitious, and startled those who were not.

## Indiana Regiment's Battleflag

At the postoffice, Gen. McGinnis has ready for shipment to New York one of the battleflags of the Eleventh Indiana regiment, to be placed in the tomb of Gen. U. S. Grant. This is being sent at the request of Gen. Dodge, one of the trustees of the tomb, who has asked each of the states for two flags to hang in the tomb. When the request was received here it was found that all of the regiments had turned their colors over to the state with the exception of the Eleventh.

This regiment has always closely guarded the tattered remnants of its flags. At the time of the unveiling of the Indiana Soldiers' Monument, the regimental association held a meeting and voted to send one of its flags to New York and the others were sent to the state house for safe keeping, as they were becoming so decayed with age that they were falling to pieces.

Owing to the tattered condition of the flag, a blue silk banner, eighteen by twenty-four inches, was made to accompany it, and on this the names of the battles of the regiment were worked in gold bullion. The flag was with the regiment at the organization of the Thirteenth army corps, and was carried in every engagement of that part of the army until the time Gen. Grant left it.

When the regiment left for the front at the beginning of the war, a

dramatic incident occurred that the members of the regiment love to relate. The regiment was drawn up in line in the old state house yard, under the command of Colonel, afterward General, Lew Wallace, and the flag was presented to the regiment before a vast crowd that completely filled the inclosure. As the general



Eleventh Indiana Flag.

received it, he commanded the men to kneel and swear to "Remember Buena Vista," which afterward became the battle cry of the regiment. —Indianapolis News.

## On the Field of Shiloh

"Shiloh," said the doctor, "was a nightmare to the North. It was our first great battle in the West, and it was, in fact, one of the bloodiest battles of the war. So many conflicting stories were told at the time that the people were in a frenzy and boat loads of doctors and helpers and investigating committees were hurried to Pittsburgh Landing. The late Dr. E. P. Goodwin and myself were among those who went to Shiloh from Columbus, Ohio, to do what we could for the wounded and sick. We didn't expect the battlefield to be so big, and when we got there our party started to walk to Ohio headquarters.

"We were disappointed at the cheerfulness of the soldiers, and their indifference toward us and our mission. We were depressed by the repellent formalities at the several brigade headquarters and kept moving on. At last darkness came upon us and we were practically lost. In due time we came upon a line of guards, one of whom Dr. Goodwin knew, and he took us to Gen. Garfield's headquarters. We had known Garfield in Columbus, and he received us all cordially, but with the dignity of his military position. I was just asking myself how we were to break the ice when Garfield caught sight of Dr. H. and about

ed: 'Just in time, doctor, just in time. A wood tick has bored into my back and I want you to take him out.' Thereupon he pulled his woolen shirt over his head, and handing the doctor a knife, ordered him to take the tick out. This broke the ice, and when the tick had been removed from the general's back we were on the footing of old friends and acquaintances." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Small Efforts Are Valuable.  
Do not be discouraged because of the apparent insignificance of opportunities. Remember that the poet wrote:

The smallest effort is not lost;  
Each wavelet on the ocean tossed  
Aids in the ebbtide or the flow;  
Each raindrop makes some floweret blow.

Each struggle lessens human woe.

Too Old to Ride a Wheel.  
Mrs. Eva Devoe of East Syracuse, N. Y., is an up-to-date girl, although she is 100 years old. She wants a bicycle, as she hates to be behind the times. "My family," she says, "seems to think I'd better not have one, and maybe I'd look queer to see the mother of a 72-year-old girl whirling on a wheel."

## THE BARTHOLOIN CASE REMAINS A MYSTERY TO POLICE OF CHICAGO.

All doubt as to the complete identification of the body of William J. Bartholin, found in the flax field near Riceville, Iowa, was dispelled when Dr. H. C. Waack, of Chicago, Bartholin's dentist, declared that the crown and bridge work on the teeth of the lower jawbone taken from the body had been put into Bartholin's mouth by him six years ago.

The story came from Riceville that

fact, so, while the police are anxious to obtain a satisfactory explanation of the deaths of the two murdered women, they do not anticipate that any person will come into the case voluntarily.

The history of the case is filled with mystery. From the first no light has been thrown upon it that would leave the Chicago police even a plausible theory on which to work. The dis-

inspector went so far as to involve Thompson and Claffy, who, he believed, aided Bartholin in the transfer of the body to the lonely prairie.

Where Miss Mitchell and Bartholin went after they were seen at Indiana avenue and Forty-third street never has been learned. The most plausible theory from the first has been that they went, as they announced on their departure to the Mitchell family, for a street car ride which terminated in the murder of Miss Mitchell at Seventy-fourth and State streets. The motive of that murder is believed to have been her discovery of the murder of Mrs. Bartholin and her threat to expose the young man.

With the death of the girl Bartholin had no further motive to remain in the city. He was seen at his home on July 31 and the morning of Aug. 5 at the home of William Underberg, 6513 Greenwood avenue. Then, driven by fear of capture, he sought safety on Iowa farms, where remorse finally drove him to suicide.

Articles connected with the case that never have been accounted for in addition to the \$250 supposed to have been in the possession of Mrs. Bartholin and the clothing of Miss Mitchell are the following:

Three diamond rings and one gold watch belonging to Mrs. Bartholin.

The plain gold ring worn by Miss Mitchell when she disappeared.

The striped suit of clothes worn by Bartholin when last seen.



John F. Dvorak, who was said to have been a close friend of Bartholin after he fled from Chicago, was wearing a ring which was thought to have belonged to Minnie Mitchell. Dvorak declared that he had received the ring from his fiancée, Miss Lizzie Patch of 497 W. Nineteenth street, and this statement was corroborated by Miss Patch.

"I have known Mr. Dvorak for eight months," said Miss Patch. "I never heard him speak Bartholin's name, however, and am positive that he did not know the man up to the last time we were together. I gave him a solid gold ring in April and as far as I know he still wears it. It resembled an ordinary wedding ring. He gave me a diamond ring. The ring that he still wears is undoubtedly the one I gave him.

"I never heard of Bartholin until I saw his name in the newspapers in connection with the murder of his mother and sweetheart. It was a complete surprise to me to hear that Mr. Dvorak had met Bartholin in Iowa. I have no doubt that they met for the first time on the train. I do not know anything of the letters said to have been written to Bartholin by some Chicago woman."

Miss Patch's statements were confirmed in every particular by other members of the family.

The latest feature in the case to baffle the police is the letter written to Bartholin by some unknown woman in Chicago. The letter showed that the woman knew where the murderer was in hiding and the name which he had assumed. Bartholin received the letter at Riceville on Aug. 25. At that time he was working for Charles Hoeft, a farmer five miles from the village. Hoeft, who secured the letter at the postoffice, says it was addressed in a woman's handwriting. Some days later Hoeft saw the letter lying on the kitchen floor and started to read it.

"My dearest Will," it began, "lay

covery of the body does not aid them. These are some of the questions they would like to have answered:

What was the motive that induced Bartholin to kill his mother?

What day or night was she killed, and how did the son encompass her death without attracting the attention of the rest of the roomers?

How did he succeed in transferring the body to the cellar and in burying it without being seen or suspected?

Why did he kill the little dog, which was his mother's favorite, and bury it in the cellar, destroying the body with quicklime, without using the same upon the body of his mother?

Was he afraid the dog would whine at the door of his mother's room and arouse Oscar Thompson and the other roomers to a pitch that would convince them something unusual had taken place?

The manner in which Bartholin concealed his mother's "disappearance," the circumstances of her death, and what he told Edward Counselman on the night of July 12, when Counselman called at the Bartholin home, are

The pass keys to the house Bartholin is known to have carried.

The connection of Counselman with the case furnished another "mystery." He explained that Bartholin had asked him for money, but he could not tell why he had suddenly been taken ill on his return to his home on the night of July 12 after he had visited Bartholin.

One of the striking features to the police was the condition of the bodies of the three principals of the tragedy. None was recognizable when discovered. Was it the idea of William Bartholin at the start to effect this result?

The motives which prevailed in the whole case still are a mystery, and there is little prospect of their ever being known. The confession left by the murderer indicated that he knew of the arrest of Thompson, Counselman and Claffy, yet no one with whom he associated after his departure from Chicago has been found who ever saw him purchase or read a newspaper. Perhaps in the future some person will offer the key to the case, which has proven the greatest mystery in the history of the Chicago police.

## WEALTHIEST OF ALL FAMILIES.

Russian Reigning House Said to Have the Distinction.

The Russian reigning house has, it is said, greater wealth than any other royal family in the world. In the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson's "Living Rulers of Mankind" it is said that the minimum revenue that the Czar derives from the crown and state domains is estimated at \$7,500,000 a year. More than forty members of the imperial family not in direct line of succession draw revenues from landed estates set aside for that purpose by Emperor Paul I. To these estates is given the name of the imperial appanages; they cover an area of 2,000,000 acres, larger than Scotland, and the total income derived from them is \$10,000,000. Before the emancipation of the serfs 800,000 peasants were attached to these vast estates, and were in a sense the property of their owners.

Another item of the vast wealth of the imperial family, we are further told, is the quantity of jewels its members possess.

The Russians love gems. Serfs have toiled to fashion these wondrous jewels; Emirs and Shahs, the vassals of the Czar, have laid them at his feet. The English ambassador's daughter said, laughing, that when Alexander III. presented the various grand duchesses, ladies of the imperial family, with most costly jewels on the occasion of his coronation they thought nothing of the gifts, but tossed them carelessly in a drawer. To ladies so plentifully supplied with pearls and diamonds a fresh necklace or tiara was a thing of small account.

Vice is most dangerous when it puts on the semblance of virtue.

His Pillow of Stone.  
Bishop Taylor of the Methodist church, who died on May 18 at Palo Alto, Cal., had for over half a century slept with his head pillowed upon a stone. He generally carried the stone in a satchel and always laid his head upon it at night wherever he was. A Baltimore clergyman says that on one occasion the bishop visited him when the temperature was far below zero, and that the bishop slept in the room with all the windows thrown up and with his head on the stone.

## DRAW THE LINE AT RUINS.

American Tourist Not Interested in That Line.

American tourists are notoriously irreverent. One of those inevitables paid a visit to Chatsworth, England, the other day, and after exploring the marvels of the Palace of the Peak, he said to a Sheffielder who had been also inside, "This is a nice place; who belongs to it?" "The Duke of Devonshire," "How did he get it?" "It was left to him," "What does he do? Did he ever earn ten cents in his life?" "Oh, yes; he's very clever," "But did he ever do a day's work, like you or me?" The Sheffielder was soon at his wits' end for replies, and by way of changing the subject suggested that the American should visit Fountains Abbey, "Fountains Abbey," replied Old Yank, "what's that?" "It's a very fine ruin," was the answer. "A ruin, is it," said the Yankee; "then I guess I don't see it. Ever since I married her (jerking his thumb toward his wife) I draw the line at ruins, stranger. She's ruin enough for me."

## Died for Her Baby Brother.

One of the touching stories of the season comes from a little town in northern Wisconsin, where a 6-year-old child died for her baby brother. The baby had been left in the yard, sleeping in its buggy, and the sister had been asked to go out and see to him. There the little girl saw a big rattlesnake coiled at the feet of the infant, and, realizing the danger, seized a broom and tried to kill the reptile. The snake, disturbed, darted at the little girl, coiled around the handle of the broom, and slipped down it, striking its fangs into the child's neck. The infant boy was untouched, but the motherly baby sister died in great agony.

## Undisputed for Half a Century.

It is a remarkable fact, which for half a century has not once been disputed, that St. Jacob's Oil never fails to cure shooting pains in the arms, legs, sides, back or breast, or soreness in any part of the body.

It has for fifty years been guaranteed by the proprietors, St. Jacobs Oil, Ltd., Baltimore, Md., to promptly cure lameness, sciatica, rheumatism, lumbago, stiff and swollen joints, stiff back, and all pains in the hips and loins, strains, bruises, burns, scalds, toothache, chilblains, and all aches and pains.

St. Jacobs Oil costs 25 cts and 50 cts; sold wherever a druggist is found.

## Different Social Customs.

A recent writer says: "The Chinaman bends to the very ground when he salutes; the Russian, farther west, takes off his hat and scrapes with it his very path; in Prussian Konigsberg—always farther west—the passerby salute each other by taking off their hats or caps very low; in Berlin the head covering is raised but little; in Paris still less, in London not at all or with a difference. The American keeps his hat on immovably and never bends, but all civilized nations, of course, take off their hats to the ladies."

It's folly to suffer from that horrible plague of the night, itching piles. Doan's Ointment cures, quickly and permanently. At any drug store, 50 cents.

## King Alfonso Observes.

The young king of Spain may be troublesome to those nearest him, but he is evidently not lacking in keenness. One hundred years ago, he says, news was carried across Spain in one day; now, with the telegraph, it takes two days. A king who observes defects can most likely find a way to remedy them.

One of nature's remedies; cannot harm the weakest constitution; never fails to cure summer complaints of young or old. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

## Making Artificial Rhine Wine.

The process of making artificial Rhine wine is somewhat complicated. Mix one pound of essence in three gallons of proof spirits and add thirty-seven gallons of rectified cider; then dissolve a pound of tartaric acid in a half gallon of hot water, and add to suit taste. About one-half of the Rhine wine used in the United States is made in this manner, says Pearson's Weekly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cures Fevers, colic, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

## Success of American Women.

A much traveled man in speaking of the way in which women walk announced that without doubt the women of Baltimore have the most correct carriage and most graceful walk of any in the world. As Baltimore has long held the palm for the beauty of her women this will be another feather in her cap. This same man, who is a Londoner of exalted social position, was asked recently to what he attributed the social success of American women. He answered: the causes were "splendid dressing, self-possession and freedom from shyness and a superlatively good education."